

One Shots

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A bunch of one shots I made.

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Chapter 1 - One night can change it all

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1 - One night can change it all

Day after day, pain and suffering was all Jennie endured.

She used to be a happy child, that is until her father died. He was a loving and great man. Him and her father were madly in love, and when he died, she didn't take it to lightly.

Two years after Jennie's father died, at the age of ten, Jennie's mother began to take her sorrow and anger out on her daughter. First, she would yell, then hit her.

Jennie had many friends, and was also pretty. She wore the 'in' clothes even at a young age, but then the pain and neglect from her mother increased. She began listening to heavier music, it relaxed her. And her friends didn't mind all that much. But then, her clothing style changed. She mostly wore black and expressed her taste in music by wearing clothes of them.

By that time her friends still hung out with her, but kept their distance. But, when her attitude changed and cuts and bruises appeared, her friends ditched her. They never once tried to help her. Jennie heard her 'friends' whisper behind her back and say things like, "Ew... she cuts her self!" and, "Ugh... she's an emo freak!"

She didn't really cut herself, the marks were from her mother's abuse.

The rumors got worse, until finally people started making fun of her to her face.

She relived her pain by crying. Not once did she hurt herself, her mother did enough of that.

She was now fifteen years old, and she had slowly changed.

The last bell rang for the students to go home. I slowly got up from my seat and walked out of the class room. Oh how I hated the end of the school day. My favorite time was when class started so no one could confront me and tease me, and also wasn't home to get hurt by mother.

I walked down the hall towards my locker.

'Oh, why does it have to be so far away?' I thought.

"Oh, look it's the freak." Her former best friend, Ashley, sneered.

"Yeah, she's so disgusting!" Her new, wanna be cool friend, Rachel also sneered. I just pushed passed them and went over to my locker. Well, at least, I tried to.

"Where do you think your going?" Ashley's boyfriend came up from behind her and grabbed me by the shoulders and squeezed hard.

"To my locker." Was all I managed to say.

"You better be.. loser." He said as he punched me in the mouth and laughed as he and the girls walked away.

I quickly whipped off the blood and gathered my books and homework and left the school. I already missed my bus because of the hassle, so I had to walk in the mid-winter cold.

I ignored the looks of the children who already arrived school and were leaving to hang out with friends.

I too quickly arrived to my house. It was quite big because my mother had a fair job. And the bigger the house, the better. So my mother will confront me less.

I stood in the drive way for a moment... she was home. I snuck around back and climbed up to my bedroom window.

I opened it up as quietly as I could and went threw it. I sighed and walked over and turned on the light.

"Why are you late? And why are you climbing in threw your widow!?" My moter yelled, as she spit on me. "What are you? A monkey?"

"No mother. I'm sorry mother. I missed my bus." I said, not looking her in the eyes.

She slapped me hard on the face first, then she pushed me all the way across the room. I didn't bother fighting back, I gave that up years ago.

Then she started ranting like she always does.

"I was worried!" Another hit to the nose.

"It was all your fault! He's gone because of you!" A slap, a kick.

"I hate you!" She gouged my eyes with her fake nails.

She gave then walked over to my supply cabniet and took out a pair of scissors.

She grabbed my wrist and cut horisontaly, then pushed me to the ground and cut my chest. I cried out in pain; that was the worst pain I think I ever felt.

She threw the scissors at me and gave me one final blow to my hip before leaving the room. I groaned in pain and looked over. 'Oh god!"

She didn't cut me with scissors, it was actually a knife!

I lifted up my shirt and examined the cut. It started at my right rib and went all the way down to the top of my left leg.

The blood was gushing out.

I ran to the bathroom and started the bath water. I had to clean the cut. And I had to stop the bleeding. I went back to my room and got a pair of pajamas and went back to the bathroom and jumped in the tub.

It stung as I washed it with soap, and it hurt worse just to touch it.

I quickly got out after I washed the cut.

I got dressed as tears freely flowed down my face. I ran out of the bathroom and climbed down my bedroom window and out into the chilling winter night.

I was just so sick of this! No one cared and my own mother loved to hurt me! What did I ever do to deserve this!?

I didn't even have shoes on and I was running in the snow, blood still coming out of the wound.

I didn't know where exactly I was running to, until I saw it; the tall storage building. I quickly climbed up the ladder to the roof of it.

It was so perfect. It was tall, and if you fell off it, you were gone for good... it was so perfect.

I heard a choked-up sobbing noise as I realized I was still crying. I slowly walked over to the edge of the building and climbed on the flat edge...

"Hey, are you okay-," A dark haired boy asked, and cut himself off as he was what I was doing.

"Hey... I'm sure you've had it rough but, this isn't the way." He said, walking cautiously towards me.

At first I just stared at him, then I managed to say, "What do you mean?"

"I tried the same thing... well, not exactly the same thing. But pretty close. I cut my arm bone deep and almost died. That was what I was aiming for. But I was taken to the hospital and they saved me.

"But at the time I thought it was more like ruining me even more than I already was. But I realized that, why end my life. It's not my fault it's so painful, people have caused me pain, and I'm going to fight back. And that's what I did." He stated, getting even closer.

"S-stay back!" I whispered, scared he was going to stop me.

"You are lucky; there was no one there to stop me. Please don't do this. I'm trying to help you." He calmly said, but I could see the hidden pain in his eyes. He didn't want to witness a suicide. Also, it must be painful for him to recall what he tried to do to himself.

I stood on the edge, staring at him, then the ground below. Back and forth.

"I have nothing to live for," I finally stated.

"I can change that..." He whispered.

I ran off the edge and ran over to the mysterious boy, who just saved my life.

"My names Joel." He smiled at me.

I just stood there, shaking, then what he did next shocked me... he pulled me into a hug and just held me as the tears I held in for five whole years came out, even faster than before.

I cried on his chest for a long time, until I think I couldn't shed another tear.

"Thanks..." I said after a period of silence.

"May I ask this beauties name?" Joel as he smirked.

"Um... me? Jennie."

"It's a pleasure." He said and grabbed the back of my head, softly, and pulled me into a tender kiss.

'He... likes me?'

I returned is passionatly as he grabbed me by the waist into a hug, and I dug my hands through his hair.

He then pulled away and said, "I know we just met but... I really like you. Do you believe in love at first site?"

"Um... yes,"

"Then, Jennie, will you be my girlfriend?" I answered by kissing him again.

I guess I do have somthing to live for... I though as a smile appeared on my lips.

"I'll meet you here everyday around for o'clock. Is that ok?"

"Yes, it's-" I started, but was cut off by a ringing of my cell phone.

"Um... hello?" I answered, I didn't know the number.

"Jennie, is that you?" The voice asked.

"Yes, who is this?"

"Jennie, I'm so sorry, I didn't think your mother would do such a thing to you. I'm so sorry honey. I left your mother and she told you I died I-"

"Father.. daddy!?"

"Yes, I'm so sorry. I left your mother and fell in love with someone else. I never would have left if I'd known what she was going to do to you. Atleast, I would have taken you with me. I'm moving back here, and I'm taking custody of you."

"I... I miss you."

"I know honey, I missed you to, that's why I came back to check on you. And I just saw what your mother did to you... it's all my fault. But I have to go, and I'll be there by two o'clock. Don't go home until then. I love you!"

"Bye, daddy." I was so happy. I never thought I'd be able to say those words again. Well, to my daddy.

"I'm finally going to be fine... my daddy is coming back for me! My mother can't hurt me anymore, I have you!" I yelled, finally realizing how lucky I finally am. Sure, the kids in school will be mean, but I have something to look forward to loving me when I get home. Well, two things, and maybe more...